Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide, Nobility.

Ho. O Jeſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not ſweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, convey my truſtfull Queene;
For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Jeſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely marvell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I have partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* prove a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majeſty?

Fal A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, and as I think his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh, and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou beene this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſta
and i'le play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gravely, ſo n
both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles
bet-ſucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ. And heere I ſtand, judge my maſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from *Eaſt-cheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievo

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, i'le tickl
young Prince yfaith.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth n
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace;
divel haunts thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tun
is thy companion; why doſt thou converſe with that
humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that fowl
of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtufft Cl
of gutts, that roſted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudd
belly, that reverent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that fa
ther, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to t
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein c
in Villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wher
thy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace would take me with you
meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth,
that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know th

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in
were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more
ty) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſavi
reverence) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny: if Sa
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old an
be a ſin, then many an old Oaſt that I know, is damn'd
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to b
No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Po*